

Fighter Pilot Songs

*Songs Your Mother wouldn't
teach You*

Part 1 - Lyrics from Ecki Südmeyer

Part 2 - FAC Songbook (63 Songs)



90123

WOMAN AND OTHER

WOMAN

WOMAN



STUDIO

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ALTE UND NEUE

FIGHTER PILOT SONGS

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| - I GOT TALES | traditional |
| - TORNADO | E.Südmeyer |
| - GIVE ME OPERATIONS | new Lyrics : E.Südmeyer |
| - GINA ROCK | E.Südmeyer |
| - HAPPENINGS | E.Südmeyer |
| - THUD PILOT | traditional |
| - I FLY THE F - 4 D | traditional |
| - SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S LIFE | new Lyrics : E.Südmeyer |
| - THE TOWN BY THE BANKS OF THE RIVER | traditional |
| - FIGHTER PILOTS | new Lyrics : E.Südmeyer |
| - KLEINE ME 109 | traditional |
| - STRIKE SONG | E.Südmeyer |
| -& STARFIGHTER SONG | E.Südmeyer |
| -& DER BEULER | M.Krüger |
| -& T - 38 | E.Südmeyer |
| -& BÜCHEL TOWER | E.Südmeyer |

Lyrics and Music :
traditional

I GOT TALES

I've seen fire and thunder in the sky
I've known men , who weren't afraid to die
I've seen men take eagle's wings and fly
yes I got tales that I can tell , oh lord

Oh lord , I got tales that I can tell
'bout what it's like down in hell
I got tales that I can tell, oh lord

TORNADO

There's a wind coming up
I can feel it clearly
I can feel something's up
but I don't know really
is it a dream
is it a vision
is it a scene

A A⁷ D A⁷

REFRAIN

Wild Tornado , fast as the winds
hug the landscape with sweptback wings
two guns and stations
more than you can count
two guys in a dreamplane
is what it's all about

Oh wild Tornado , you're gonna be my pal
you're gonna be my sweet everything

whatever the future might bring

oh , I don't care

little Tornado , you're a pilots dream

speeding through the woods in my little , sweet flying machine

TORNADO

D G E A
 Watching my Tornado sitting in it's box
 D A
 looking blunt and bold and big
 it'll get you off your socks
 G P
 doesn't need no ground equipment ,
 D G
 doesn't need no chute
 you just get in and run it up
 e C A
 but you make sure it's fueled

REFRAIN

D G
 All in all it's funny
 and it sure is hard to see
 D G
 that after all the scandals
 D G
 this bird belongs to me
 e A
 they say it's too expensive
 e A
 they say it's overdone
 e A
 they're scared of consequences
 e C A
 and the public makes them run

REFRAIN

D G
 Oh wild Tornado , you're a dream machine
 we don't care about the weather
 D G
 below the fence we scream
 D
 we love our bomber and fighter
 computers and all
 we'll hit any target up to the devil's call

TORNADO

D G
 So turn on your computers
 E A
 and now it starts to think
 D G
 checks out all it's systems
 E A
 and all lights start to blink
 G A
 leave the guarding shelter
 D G
 you'll be airborne in a snap
 have the main computer
 e C A
 show you where you're at

REFRAIN

D G
 Finally the plot is set
 D G
 to get my point across
 D A
 I'm just a fighter pilot
 G A
 all critics up my ass
 G A
 I choke on talk of cost and debt
 D G
 and calculations of expense
 e C
 when I see all the commies
 A
 laugh behind the fence
 nastrovje

REFRAIN

Music : traditional

Lyrics : modified by E.
Südmeyer

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

REFRAIN

^E Give me operations ^A
^{H2} way out on some lonely atoll ^E
^{H2} for I'm to young to die ^A
I just want to grow old ^E

^E Don't give me a G - 91
flying backwards when firing it's gun ^A
^{H2} it's slow and it creeps
off the runway. it seems
don't give me a G - 91 ^E
no !

REFRAIN

^E Don't give me an F - 104
with a shaker and kicker and all ^A
^{H2} it pitches and spins
with no wings and no fins
don't give me an F - 104 ^E
no !

REFRAIN

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me an ugly F - 4
shouldn't need any drag chute at all
it smokes like a diesel
only good for wild weasle
don't give me an ugly F - 4

no !

REFRAIN

Don't give me a DO - 28
the props , they counterrotate
a suitcase that flies
" aber sonst nichts als scheiss " (engl.: otherwise a piece of s
don't give me a DO - 28

no !

REFRAIN

Don't give me an MRCA
the wings , they fold and they sway
a two seat computer doesn't make a sharpshooter
don't give me an MRCA

no !

REFRAIN

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a Trallalala
it looks like a brasil cigar
it shakes and it roars
while it bucks like a horse
don't give me a Trallalala
no !

REFRAIN

Don't give me an Alfa at all
with nozzles so tiny and small
no range when you load
but expensive as gold
don't give me an Alfa at all
no !

REFRAIN

GINA ROCK

Well I was sitting in my backjard
and there it came
it was low as it could be
it was a twoship of planes
was buzzing 'round the woods
I couldn't believe my eyes
it's a Gina , I thought , man what a surprise
"It's a G-91" I cried

REFRAIN

This is the Gina , the G - 91 Gina rock
well it's a'rolling and a'wheeling all around the clock
it's the Gina , the G -91 Gina rock
babe how it'll turn , it'll make your eyes pop
it's a bird , it's a plane , it's a fraud
no , it's one toy of an underdog

HAPPENINGS (1580)

Here I am spinning softly
in my airplane down to hell
already feel the devil
and his fingers I can smell

Oh those fucked up situations
with no time for contemplations
when you don't know what to do
and you feel just like a fool
in that cockpit on your own
kindly wishing you were home
sitting in your rocking chair
instead of sweating it out up there
you're sweating it out up there

what do you do , yes what do you do
when you pushed your luck
going again , going again
after that golden buck
getting kickers to the ground
or have your engine just flame out on you , I'm telling you

HAPPENINGS

There I am , looking backwards
at the SAM drive up my tail
asking heaven 'bout the chances
or the odds in case I fail

REFRAIN

There I was on some low level
when the birdstrike that I had
made my throat and my compressor
try to swallow , and swallow , and swallow all that jazz
do your boldface and decide
fast , agressive and with pride
like you learned it all along
still nothing happens,so what the hell is wrong

REFRAIN

THUD PILOT

I'm a Thud pilot
I love my plane
it is my body
I am it's brain
my Thunderchief loves me
and I love her too
but I get the creeps
with only one seat
and one engine too

She's faster than lightning
it says on her dials
to get a Thud airborne
takes only two miles
she's packed with transistors
black boxes , diodes
but you stay alert
'cause you might get hurt
when she explodes

THUD PILOT

She tows more bombs
than a B - 17
my F - 105
has a gun and she's mean
but there is one thing
that girdles my blood
it's lonesome up there
all alone in the air
in my single seat Thud

I love my Thud
and she loves me too
but she soaks up flack
like a magnet can do
if I get my hundred
and I'm still alive
I'll have no grief
goodby Thunderchief
my F - 105

Lyrics and Music :

traditional (Vietnam)

I FLY THE F-4-D

2055

REFRAIN

Well I'm son of "Satan's Angels" and I fly the F-4-D
all the way from the Hanoi railroad bridge to the DMZ
I'm one of old Herb' Gibson's boys ,
I'm mean as I can be
I'm son of "Satan's Angels" and I fly the F-4-D

There ain't a AAA gunner up there that's anywhere near my class
'cause I'm as mad as I can be and I'm in for one more pass
he hosed me down one time too much
and that laugh he had was his last
I look back at where he was and man , ain't that a gas

REFRAIN

Hello , Hanoi Hanna send your Migs to meet their doom
fly up at 'em and blast 'em off
Luke's boys will be here soon
I don't care if you're the gal
with the mouth full of silver spoons
'cause I got Sidewinders on board
that'll home on a Navy ballon

REFRAIN

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOTS LIFE

2215

REFRAIN

Halleluja, halleluja

throw a nickle on the grass

save a fighter pilot's ase

oh , halleluja , halleiuja

throw a nickle on the grass

and you'll be saved

Oh I lined up with the runway

and headed for the trees

I looked down at the throttle

"My god it's in A/B"

I pulled back on the stick and then it rose into the air

glory , glory halleluja , how did I get it there

REFRAIN

I started on with buzzing

and I thought that I was clear

but when I hit the powerline

I knew the end was near

then I met my wing commander and he gave me all the works

he took my flying licence , it's been gone now for two weeks

REFRAIN

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S LIFE

Oh I flew the traffic pattern
and to me it looked alright
but when I made my final turn
my god , I racked it tight
the engine coughed and sputtered , the ship began to weave
mayday , mayday halleluja , spin instructions please

REFRAIN

Strafing on the panel
my pass became too low
came a call from tower
" One more and home you go "
I pulled that airplane in the blue , it kicked on into the ground
a half a mile of plowed up sand is all that they have found

REFRAIN

Lyrics and Music :
traditional (Vietnam)

THE TOWN BY THE BANKS
OF THE RIVER

There's a little village up north
sitting by the banks of the river
seems like the people up there
just don't like me or my pals
'cause every time we go
to the town by the banks of the river
they start shooting at us with everything the law allows
we went up there last week to the town
by the banks of the river
with a little puppet of our generosity hung onboard
dropped our gifts on the bridge in the town
by the banks of the river
but I don't think they like any gift that we can afford

There's a little old man who lives in the town
by the banks of the river
with little bitty eyes and a scacety of hair
up on top of his head
if the little guy who lives in the town
by the banks of the river
had his way all of me and my pals would all be dead

THE TOWN BY THE BANKS
OF THE RIVER

Every time we go to the town
by the banks of the river
all of the people up there unlunder their guns at us
they're kind of weird up there in the town
by the banks of the river
I just don't understand why they've gotto make all that fuss

We paid quite a few calls on the town
by the banks of the river
and we ain't had an opportunity to entertain 'em all down here
we better hurry up and return our call
on the town by the river
'cause we've gotto go back home
across the ocean by the end of the year
seems like the folks up north in the town
by the banks of the river
shooting at me and my pals have gone all mean and sore
if that's the way they feel in the town
by the banks of the river
it won't hurt me none a bit
'cause I ain't going back no more

Music :traditional

Lyrics:modified by E.Südmeyer

FIGHTER PILOTS

There ain't no fighter pilots down in hell
well, there ain't no fighter pilots down in hell
oh, the place is full of queers
navigators, bombardiers
but there ain't no fighter pilots down in hell

There ain't no fighter pilots up in staff
well, there ain't no fighter pilots up in staff
oh, the place is full of brass
sitting 'round on their fat ass
well there ain't no fighter pilots up in staff

The bomber pilot's life is just a farce
well, the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
while the automatic pilot's on
he's reading novels in the john
oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce

Oh, it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice
if you ever do it once you'll do it twice
it'll wreck your reputation
but increase the population
oh it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice

Lyrics and Music :
traditional (WW II)
Text und Musik :
2. Weltkrieg

KLEINE ME - 109

^D
In den Lüften zieht dahin
hell im Sonnenschein
eine kleine Jägerin
Me - 109

Herrscherin im Luftrevier
über Land und See
Alles muss sich beugen Dir
tapfre , kleine Me

REFRAIN

^D Horrido , horrido , horrido kleine Me 109 ^G
immer sollst Du Sieger sein
Herrscher in der Luft allein
horrido kleine Me 109 ^A , horrido kleine Me 109 ^D

^D
In der Wolkenbank versteckt
lauert Raubgetier
Jägerin hat es entdeckt
stürzt sich drüberher
pirscht sich an den Feind heran
bis in seine Näh
schießt bis das der Feind zerplatzt
tapfre , kleine Me

REFRAIN

Music : traditional

Lyrics copyright : E.Südsøyer

STRIKE SONG

REFRAIN

Please release me , let me go
I don't love you anymore
I don't care who's friend or foe
so please release me , and let me nuce 'am 'till they glow

I've been sitting "Q" all day long
and I'm getting sick and tired of this song
too long you told me to keep it cool
so release me , cause I sure ain't no fool

REFRAIN

If you're aware of what I've said
you'd know I ain't no toy with which to bet
you don't play games with nukes and yields
they'll blow up in your face , your ass and heels

So please release me , let me go
if you still want the face of earth to glow
"to live together ain't no sin"
if you believe that , then pull your nukes back in

STARFIGHTER SONG

REFRAIN

This is a Starfighter song
Before you see it , it'll be gone
's the prettiest bird up in the sky
Starfighter , moonlight and lovesongs
That's where us 104 jocks belong

You've gotto be cool
You've gotto be mean
You'll be a fighter pilot down to every seam
You've gotto fly her
Bring your touch
And then this old girl's gonna like you very much

Starfighter song
Before you see it , it'll be long , long gone
's the prettiest bird up in the sky
Starfighter , moonlight and lovesongs
That's where us 104 jocks belong

STARFIGHTER SONG

She's the prettiest plane that you've ever seen
although , when she's loaded , she looks goddamn mean
and when you ride her high she goes way up in the sky
some people say , they don't know why
they say she's old
I say she's timeless
they say she's slow
well I say it's the fastest bird around
that's why I sing a

REFRAIN

Yes my 104 , she looks like a toy
and to see her fly fills anyone with joy
but you hear all sorts of comments like : " Man , what a deal "
I tell you : Watch out , babe , when it plays for real
they say she's old
I say she's timeless
they say she's slow
well I say it's the fastest bird around

REFRAIN

Oh Du gute , alte , liebe , süße 104
Mensch , Du Arsch , gib mir lieber noch ein Bier
Mann , es ging so schnell für die , die den falschen Schalter stellten
" Ja , deswegen sieht man die auch jetzt so selten !"

REFRAIN

Lyrics and Music :
Text und Musik :
Mike Krüger

DER BEULER

Der Eine liegt in seinem Bett
Ihm geht's sowieso schon schlecht
der Andre wacht nicht auf
er schläft wie tot
der Dritte ist ganz blass
Ihm ist ja auch schon schlecht
das ist das Bild , das sich mich täglich bot
nur ick bin fix auf Draht
spring in mein Oliv
komm bei die Vorgesetzten tierisch an
sogar mein Oberleutnant hat mich ganz schrecklich lieb
weil er sich ohne mich vergessen kann

REFRAIN

Denn ich hole jede Beule aus 'em Starfighter raus
ich beule Starfighter aus
ich beule Starfighter aus
dann ich hole jede Beule aus 'em Starfighter raus
ich beule Starfighter aus , jawohl

Nun fragt Ihr Euch : Wie kommt man denn an so'n guten Job
da muß man einfach fit sein , ist doch klar
da muß man besser beulen als der gemeine Mob
und so'n Oberbeuler sein , wie ich es war
ja , Manchen beulte ich die Fresse ein , da kannte ick mir aus

DER BEULER

Heute beule ich nur noch für's Vaterland
ja , ich beule nicht mehr ein
sondern beule nur noch aus
man nennt mich nur noch "Jupp , die goldne Hand"

REFRAIN

Der Eine fühlt sich bei der Arbeit nicht richtig wohl
dem Andern ist die Arbeit viel zu schwer
der Eine sucht sein Glück dann in dem Alkohol
der Andre legt sich hin und kann nicht mehr ... mehr , mehr
nur ich hab viel zu tun , mein Kopf ist voll
kann aus die viele Arbeit gar nicht raus
erst such ich mir ne Beule , dann kreise ick ihr ein
dann hau ich einen drauf und hol ihr raus

REFRAIN

Es gibt nur Eins , was mich frottiert
ich wär so gern Pilot
ich flöge sogern selber mal so'n Ding
ich würde nicht mehr beulen wie so ein Idiot
ich flöge sogar Salto und Looping
ich krieg ne tolle Uniform , denn die steht mir so gut
dann seh ick wie mein Oberleutnant aus
und mach ich bei die Landung dann mal ne Beule rein
dann hol ick ihr bestimmt auch wieder raus

REFRAIN

T - 38

REFRAIN

Take me up , up in the sky
where I'm gonna be flying high
take me down and around the clouds
where I can play
I've been high , I've been low
and goddamnit , I've been slow
but she'll always be my best mate
yeap , my T - 38

Oh when I fly her it makes me feel free
as long as I don't over-"G"
her and then get the feeling I've met
that the IP hits you over the head
but when you're solo , you're free as can be
in the sky , the clouds and debris
of the twoship you hit over in"GIN"
although that's nowhere to close to where you should have been

REFRAIN

T- - 38

Then there's that feeling , that feeling I keep
about that time I was still flying "Tweet" (like fucking sheep)
yes , when we flew "BLUE I"and"BLUE II"
and a mere 300 knots was about all you could do
but that's all over now that's all I can say
though one more thing I'd like to mention if I may :

REFRAIN

Music : Hank Williams sr.

Lyrics : E. Südmeyer

BÜCHEL TOWER

Hello Büchel tower , this is Arrow 74
please tell me about landing , my back is rather sore
I'd like to come on in now and put this sucker down
I'm here above this undercast , been airborne for an hour

Hello Arrow 74 , this is Büchel tower
visibility's decreasing , you may have to go around
the "Eifelbär" is coming in , but won't you circle twice ..or more..
'cause I can't let you in now , I got a DO at 20 miles

Hello Büchel tower , this is Arrow 74
I'd like to change my frequency to GCA right now
although I'm still pretty good on gas , please understand one thing
I just don't like diversions , I'd like to come on in

Hello Arrow 74 , you're cleared to change your freq.
so go on channel 16 now to let them talk you in
now be advised of one more thing , that you might care about
there's another 20 airplanes there , so you just better watch out

Hello Büchel GCA , this is Arrow 74
you know that I've been circling here for about the last half hour
I am already squawking , I hope you understand
that I'm trying to get down now without delays or else

BOCHEL TOWER

Hello Arrow 74 , won't you please ident
you know you're not the only one that's airborne in this
----- Ahhh , hello , hello there GCA , here is Flamingo 4
I am lost over the ocean , please help me , help me down

Flamingo 4 don't worry , just stay on 210
below you is the "Laacher See" , so keep your temper low
---break--- Arrow 74 now , you better listen up
oh won't you turn to 300 , it seems you got bad luck

Büchel GCA now , you better listen here
if you don't let me in now , I'll sure be feeling queer , oops
the fuel gauge's down at zero and it's quiet now up here
-- this airplane is a glider now
and I'm gonna leave it here ----
.... bailout

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Dear Mom

Dear Mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today,
he crashed his OV-10 on Ho Chi Mihn highway.
He made a rocket pass, then he busted his ass.
MMM,MMM,MMM

He went across the fence to see what he could see,
and there it was, as plain as it could be.
There was a truck on the road, with a big heavy load
MMM,MMM,MMM.

He got right on the horn, and gave the DASC a call,
"Send me air, I've got a truck that's stalled."
The DASC said, "That's all right, I'll sent you Juvat
Flight."
For I am the power.

The phantoms checked right in, Gunfighters two by two
Low on gas and tanker over due.
They ask the FAC to mark, just where the truck
was parked.
MMM,MMM,MMM.

The Bronc, he rolled right in, with his smoke to mark
exactly where that truck was parked.
And the rest is in doubt, cause he never pulled out
MMM, MMM,MMM

Dear Mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today
he crashed his OV-10 on Ho Chi Mihn highway
He made a rocket pass and then he busted his ass
HIM, HIM, FUCK HIM

How did he go? STRAIGHT IN
W hat was he doing? THREE HUNDERD AND FIFTY-ONE
Hell of a deal. WHOOEE

Cocksucker,mother-fucker, eat a bag of shit,
Cunt hair, douche bag, bite your Mother's tit.
We're the best Fighter Squadron. all the others suck
Bronco Fac, Bronoc Fac, Rah, Rah, Fuck

THE FAC WHO NEVER RETURNED

Let me tell you the story of a brave young pilot
Who served in ole Viet Nam

He was the man who was hated most by the victor
charlies. Though he carried not a single bomb
Well this handsome captain reported to the major
A forward air controller was he
They gave him a Bronco and sent him into battle
to see what he could see

So he climbed into his Bronco and headed into battle
With his rockets snug beneath his wing
When a cry came from the ground commander
"Charlie's got us in his ring"

Chorus

Well did he never return, no he never returned
And his fate is still unlearned
He may lie forever neath that Viet Nam jungle
He's the FAC who never returned

Oh the ceiling was low and the rain was falling
His Bronco was pitchin all about
But he said to that soldier no sweat brother
TAC air will get you out
Soon the fighters arrived they were f-100's
They called down to our Fac
He told them it was rough but to follow his directions
and this one they could hack
Now Charlie didn't like the sight of that Bronco
And the bullets began to fly
He said if that airman brings in those fighters
Then he is going to die.

Chorus

Oh the leader rolled in and he asked for his target
The FAC told him where to aim his guns
Well our daring pilots really smoked those charlies
'til they were on the run
yes the battle got hot and it was to much for charlie
and driving those VC out
Well no one noticed that crippled Bronco
as he made his final bow
For one of those bullets had found its target
and Charlie had kept his vow

ANOTHER BRONCO SONG (MAMA DONT LET YOUR BABIES GROW
UP TO BE COWBOYS)

Broncos aint easy to love, and they're hard to control
And they'd like to frag MPC for the bullshit they're
sold

Boom mikes and earplugs and forty pound map bags
and prop beat that drives them insane
If you dont understand them and most Colonels dont
Youll think that they're all a big pain

Chorus

Broncos like mix bags and oscar and small tittedyobos
Little kindingees and nurses and anything in sight
Them that dont know em wont like em
And them that do sometimes dont know how to take em
They aint wrong they're just different
and their pride wont let em, forget that they
once strapped on jets

Chorus

Mama dont let your babies grow up to be Broncos
Dont let em shoot rockets and roll in on trucks
Let em drive Phantoms, and Eagles and SLUFS

Mama dont let your babies grow up to be Broncos
They'll never stay sober, they're always hung-over
Even on Saturday morn

IM A NAIL (FIVE FOOT TWO)

Im a nail, I fly the trail, I drop bombs on Nguyen's
tail
Has anybody seen my smoke?
CBU, rockeye too, even 82' will do
Can anybody hit my smoke?
Now if you run into a ZPU you're flying too low
Triple A, everyday, that the only way to go
Thunderstorms all around, I can't even see the ground
But Lyndon B. won't let me go
Im at the Catcher Mitt, I took a hit
My shit is weak
Fuckin' A, it aint my day
Nguyen blew my shit away

I'm in the chute, comin down, Nguyen waiten on the
ground
Beeper, beeper come up voice, you mother-fucker
Beeper, beeper come up voice

I FLY THE LINE

I keep a close watch on these lands of mine
I keep my eyes wide open all the time
Directing air strikes is a specialty of mine
This sector's mine, I fly the line

Dawn patrol around An Khe is really great
It's those out country missions that I hate
I'll fly and fight anywhere and anytime
This sector's mine. I fly the line

When I find charlie on the ground I call for air
Then I roll in to mark when they get there
Hit my smoke and in on the east-west line
This sector's mine. I fly the line

I keep a close watch on these lands of mine
I keep my eyes wide open all the time
Directing air strikes is a specialty of mine
This sector's mine. I fly the line.

THE AIRMAN'S TOAST

Here's to me in my sober mood
When I ramble, sit and think.
Here's to me in my drunken mood
When I gamble, sin and drink.
And when from this world I pass
I hope they bury me upside down-
So the world can kiss my ass.

AIR CORPS LAMENT (BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the
fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by
The force is shot to hell!!

Chorus: Glory...flying regulations
Have them read at every station
Crucify the man who breaks one
The force is shot to hell!!

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song
The force is shot to hell!

I have seen them in their T-bolts when their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame
Their spirits shot to hell

They flew B-26's through a living hell of flak
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back
But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack
Their technique's gone to hell

One day I buzzed an airfield with another happy chap
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of
THAT
Or you both will burn in Hell

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting
song
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were
strong
But now were closely supervised for fear we may do wrong
The force is shot to hell

Final Chorus: Glory! No more regulations
Rip them down at every station
Ground the guy that tries to make one
AND LET US FLY LIKE HELL

COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Come on and join the Air Force and get your flying pay
You never have to work at all just fly around all day
While others toil and study hard and soon grow old
and blind
We'll take the air without a care and you will never
mind

CHORUS: You'll never mind, you'll never mind
Oh, come and join the Air Force
And you will never mind.

Come on and get promoted as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Air
Force flyer
But just when you're about to be a general you'll
find
The engine coughs, the wings fall off, and you will
never mind

And when you loop and spin her and with an awful tear
You find yourself without your wings but you will
never care
For in about two minutes more another pair you'll
find
You'll fly with Pete and his angels sweet and you will
never mind

You're flying over the ocean, you hear your engine
spit

You see your prop come to a stop, the God damn
engine's quit

The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is
miles behind

Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will
never mind

"G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES (Bell Bottom Trousers)

Once there was a barmaid down in Brewery Lane
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the
same

Along came a pilot, handsome as he could be
He was the cause of all her misery!

CHORUS: Singing "G" suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
He'll fly a fighter
Like his daddy used to do!

Now in the morning before the break of day

A five pound note he handed her, and this to her did
say:

"Take this my darling, for all the harm I've done
For you may have a daughter, and you may have a son
If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair
And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air!

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see
Is never trust a pilot an inch above your knee
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by!

FINAL CHORUS: Singing "G" suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
She'll never fly a fighter
Like her daddy used to do!

EARLY ABORT (McNammara's Band)

Oh, my name is Colonel_____, I'm the leader of the
group

Just step into my briefing room; I'll give you all
the poop

I'll tell you where the Luftwaffe is and how to dodge
the flak

I'll be the last one to take off, the first one to
get back

CHORUS: Early abort, avoid the rush:

Early abort, now don't delay.

Now we'll all line up and take off and set our
course at 10:00

And when we reach the channel we will all turn back
again

We'll call the tower and get a steer; we don't know
where we've been

Drop your tanks and canopies, peel off and belly in

Oh, we fly those red-tailed Jugs at a hundred
bloody feet

We can fly them in the rain and fog and in the
bloody sleet

We think we're flying bloody south, instead we're
bloody north

And we make our bloody land fall at the bloody Forth

Oh, we fly those red-tailed Jugs at a hundred bloody
feet

We fly them in the rain and fog and in the bloody sleet
And when we're flying bloody high, we're flying
bloody low

And we hit the marker beacon such an awful bloody blow

CHORUS: Early abort avoid the rush

Early abort, now don't delay

Oh, my name is Colonel _____

I'm the leader of the group with all the poop!

IF YOU FLY ('TA Ra Ra Boom Dee Ya)

If you fly an Eighty-nine
You must be deaf dumb and blind
For your life ain't worth a dime
What's your scheduled blow up time?

CHORUS: Did you go BOOM today
Did you go BOOM today
Two blew up yesterday
G. E. ain't here to stay

If you fly a Ninety-four
You will never holler no more
For your lot we do not pine
It's better than an Eighty-nine

If you fly an Eighty-six
You will really get your kicks
Bouncing those sub-sonic boys
Playing with their radar toys

If you fly a 101
Tell yourself it's really fun
One day it will pitch up with you
And you will wish you never flew

If you fly a 102
Don't go up unless it's blue
For if you feel one drop of rain
You'll be in pieces not a plane

If you fly a 104
The whole world flocks to your door
Range is short, the bearings don't last
But golly is sure does fly fast

If you fly a Thunderchief
You will soon shake like a leaf
Flying it may make you sick
It handles like a great big brick

If you fly a Phantom Two
You're flying days will soon be through
It flies at twice the speed of sound
If you can get it off the ground

I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings till I got the Goddamn things
Now I don't want them anymore
They taught me how to fly,
'And they sent me here to die,
You can save those zeros for the Goddamn heros
Cause Distinguished Flying Crosses
Do not compensate for losses,--Buster

CHORUS: I wanted wings till I got the Goddamn things
Now I don't want them anymore

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames
Air combat spelled romance, But it made me wet my
pants
I'm not a fighter I have learned
You can save those Messerschmitts
For the other sons of bitches
Cause I'd rather screw a woman than be shot down in a
Grumman

I'm too young to die in a damned old PBX
That's for the eager not for me
I don't trust my luck to be picked up in a duck
After I've crashed into the sea
Oh I'd rather be a bellhop than a flyer on a flat top
With my hand around a bottle, not around a G. D.
throttle

I don't want to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr
Flak always makes me park my lunch
I get no hey-hey when they holler "'Bombs Away'"
I'd rather be home with the bunch
Now there's one thing you can't laugh off, that is
When they shoot you're ass off
Oh, I'd rather come home buster, with my balls than
with a cluster

I don't fly for fun in P dash five crash one
Blazing a path for Patton's tanks
My wife don't want insurance and I'm not out for
endurance
I'd rather go to Paris and spend Francs
In England it was blitz and in France it is Messer-
schmitts
Oh, I feel like such a sucker when my ass starts to
pucker - sucker

JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS (Bless them All)

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter rotate
They're scattered and smitten from Burma to Britain
Don't give me a P-38

CHORUS: Just give me operations,
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to grow old

Don't give me a P-39, the engine is mounted behind
They'll tumble and spin and auger you in
Don't give me a P-39

Don't give me a P-51, It was alright for fighting the
Hun
But with coolant tank dry, you'll run out of the sky
Don't give me a P-51

Don't give me a peter four oh, its a hell of an air-
plane I know
A ground looping bastard, you're sure to get plastered
Don't give me a peter four oh

Don't give me a P-61, for night flying is no fun
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark
Don't give me a P-61

Don't give me an F-84, she's just a ground loving
whore
She'll whine, moan and wheeze and she'll clobber the
trees
Don't give me an F-84

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot
a jolt

It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt

Don't give me a jet shooting star, it'll go, but not
very far
It'll rumble and spout, but soon will flame out
Don't give me a jet shooting star

Don't give me an F-89, tho' TIME says they'll really
climb
They're boxed up in crates, all back in the States
Don't give me an F-89

Don't give me an F-86, with wings like broken match
sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as for top cover
Don't give me an F-86

Don't give me an F-94, its never established a score
It may fly in weather, but won't hold together
Don't give me an F-94

Don't give me an 86-D, with rockets, radar and A/B
She's fast, I don't care, she blows up in mid air
Don't give me an 86-D

Don't give me a one-double-0, the bastard is ready to
blow
The A/B is there, but you're saying a prayer
Don't give me a one-double-0

Don't give me an F-102, it never goes up when its blue
An all weather coffin, that flames out so often
Don't give me an F-102

Don't give me an F-104, with blown boundary layer con-
trol

One flap fails to blow and over she'll go
Don't give me an F-104

Don't give me an F-105, you'll never return her alive
She's had so many knocks, she has throw away chocks
Don't give me an F-105

Don't give me a bent wing F-4, with a crew of 20 or
more
She'll stall and she'll pitch, and spin flat as a bitch
Don't give me a bent wing F-4

THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK
(Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Early in the morning when the engines start to roar
You can see the old goat standing
Beside his office door
He'll be sweating out the take off
As he's often done before
The man behind the armor plated desk

Four times he's led us up there
And he always led us back
For he circled o'er the IP
As we went in to attack
He said, "I'm hard yet fair boys but allergic to
ack ack"
The man behind the armor plated desk

And when the target's sighted
Who inspires our attack
Who says, "Hundreds may go in, lads
But a few aren't coming back"
Who says, "We'll disregard the minumum
When you suppress the flak,"
The man behind the armor plated desk

And when the mission's over
And debriefing they should be
You can search the whole field over

But not a pilot will you see
For they'll all be at the "O" Club
With a mixed drink in their hand
Singing "The Man Behind The Armor Plated Desk"

ODES TO THE SUPER HOG

THE F-84F: USAF GIVETH AND USAF TAKETH AWAY
(Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Oh, they finally stopped conceding, to Nikita and his
boys
They substituted Super Hogs, for diplomatic poise;
Yes, they called upon the Air Guard with their
obsolescent toys
Send the raggedy-ass militia to the fray

Oh, we'll fly the North Atlantic just as Lindbergh
did before
Provided we get airborne in this ground-lovin whore
The water's cold, the cockpit hot, and our ass so
God Damned sore--
Send the raggedy-ass militia to the fray

Oh, we'll pack a bag, kick the tire, give the map a
glance
Just a navigation flight, to an unknown part of
France
When the Paris dollies get the word, down will come
their pants
Send the raggedy-ass militia to the fray

Oh, the MIG has got the altitude, turning rate and
mach
But nothing can compare with the Super Hog's fancy
clock
And when you point her nose down, she falls just like
a rock
Send the raggedy-ass militia to the fray

Oh, the armament on an 84 is a boon to the infantry
troop
The cameras in the RF make it the super snoop
But what use is a fighter that flames out in the soup
Send the raggedy-ass militia to the fray

WRECK OF THE OLD 97

There were 97 airplanes warming up on the apron
Not enough room you could see
Now the first ninety-six were of recent construction
But the last one was a Fifty-one D

She was old 97 and she had a fine record
But she hadn't been flown that year
And she creaked and groaned when they started her
engine
For she knew that her time was near

A Second Lieutenant wandered into Operations
And he asked for a ship or two
And they said, "Young man, we are very short of air-
planes
But we'll see what we can do

"Now the first forty-seven are reserved for Majors
And the Captains have the next forty-nine
But there's one more ship on the end of the apron
The last ship upon the line"

He was headed for Nadzab and from there to Guzab
And he had to make that flight
So he said, "OK if you'll give me a clearance
I will get there sometime tonight"

He flew through rain and he flew through a snowstorm
Till the light began to fail
When he found a railroad going his direction
And he said, "I'll get there by rail"

He flew down a valley and he dodged through the
mountains
And he kept that road in sight
Till the rails disappeared through a tunnel in the
mountains
And he ended his last, long flight

There was old 97 with her nose in the mountain
And her wheels upon the track
And her throttle was bent in the forward position
But her engine was facing back

Now ladies please listen and heed my warning
From this time ever on
Never speak harsh words to your flyboy husband
He may leave you and never return

THE LADY IN RED

'Twas a cold winter's evening
The guests were all leaving
O'Leary was closing the bar
When he turned and he said to the lady in red
"Get out, you can't stay where you are"
She wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer
And she thought of the cold night ahead
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper
And these are the words that he said:

"Her mother never told her
The things a young girl should know
About the ways of Air Force men
And how they come and go--mostly go
Now age has taken her beauty
And sin has left its sad scar
So remember you mothers and sisters, boys
And let her sleep under the bar"

BESIDE A NEW GUINEA WATERFALL (Bell Bottom Trousers)

Beside a New Guinea Waterfall, One bright and sunny
day
Beside his shattered P-51, A young pursuiter lay.

His parachute hung from a nearby tree, He was not
quite dead
So listen to the very last words, The young
pursuiter said:

"Oh! I'm going to a better land. Where everything is
right
Where whiskey grows on telegraph poles, Play poker
every night.

We haven't got a thing to do, but sit around and
sing
Where all our crews are women, oh death where is thy
sting?

Oh death where is thy sting-aling-aling? Oh death
where is thy sting-aling-aling
The bells of Hell will ring-aling-aling, for you
but not for me!

THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS (Throw a nickel on the
drum)

It was midnight in old Korat, All the pilots were in
bed,
When up stepped Col. _____, And this is what he
said:

"Phantoms, gentle Phantoms, Phantoms one and all
Pilots gentle pilots and all the pilots balls"
When stepped up a young lieutenant, With a voice as
harsh as brass
"you can take those Goddam Phantom jets and shove
them up your ass"

CHORUS

Oh, halleluia, sing halleluia, Throw a nickel on the
grass
Save a fighter pilots ass
Oh halleluia, oh halleluia, Throw a nickel on the
grass and you'll be saved,

Cruising down the Mekong, Doing six and twenty per
There came a call from the Major, "Oh won't you
save me sir?"
Got three big flak holes in my wing, my tanks ain't
got no gas
MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY Got six MIGS on my ass

CHORUS

I shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right

The airspeed read 130, My God I racked it tight
The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze
MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY Spin instructions please

Chorus

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing hit the
ground
There came a call from the tower, pull up and go
around
I racked the Phantom in the air a dozen feet or more
The engine quit, I almost shit, The gear came through
the floor

CHORUS

Splitted onto my bomb run, I got too God Damn low
I pressed the bloody button, let all my babies go
I sucked the stick back in my gut, and hit a high
speed stall
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done
this fall

CHORUS

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

A fighter pilot lay dyin , The medic has left him for
dead
All around him women were crying, These are the
words that he said:

Take the tailpipe out of my kidney, Take the burner
out of my brain,
Take the generator out of my stomach, And assemble
the unit again.

CHORUS

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozing,
We are the boys that they are sending out to die
Bosom buddies while boozing.

Down in the nangar they laugh and shout,
Talk about things they know nothing about

We are the boy's who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozing, Bosom buddies while
boozing.

With rusty fifties and rockets, With pilots as old
as they seem
We'll fly these worn out Super Hogs, against the
MIG 19
Forgotten by the land that bore us, Betrayed by the
ones we hold dear
The good have all gone before us, And only the dull
are still here. (chorus)

We loop in the purple twilight, We spinn in the
silvery dawn
With black smoke trailing after, To show where our
comrades have gone.

So stand to your glasses steady, This world is full
of lies,
Here's a toast to those dead already, And here's to
the next man to die

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozing
we are the boys that they send out to die
Bosom buddies while boozing

At TAC Headquarters they laugh and they shout, Talk
about things they know fuck all about
But we are the boys that they send out to die
Bosom buddies while boozing
Bosom buddies while boozing

ITAZUKE POWER (wabash cannon ball)

Listen to the rumble, and hear old Merlin roar
I'm flying over Moji, like I never flew before
Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream and hear old
Merlin roar
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer and hope it gets
me home

"Itazuke Tower, This is Air Force 801, I'm turning on

the downwind leg,
My prop has overrun; My coolant's overheated, the
gauge says 1-2-1
You'd better get the crash crew out, And get them
on the run."

"Listen, Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,
I cannot call the crash crew out, This is their coffee
hour;
You're not cleared in the pattern, Now that is plain
to see
So take it once around again, you're not a VIP."

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801, I'm turning
on my final,
I'm running on one lung
I'm gonna land this Mustang, No matter what you say,
I'm gonna get my charts squared up, Before that
Judgment Day."

"Now listen Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,
We'd like to let you in right now
But we haven't got the power
We'll send a note through channels
And wait for a reply, until we get permission back,
Just chase around the sky."

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm up in Pilot's Heaven and my flying days are done
I'm sorry that I blew up, I couldn't make the grade
I guess I should have waited till
The landing was okayed."

ADELINE SCHMIDT

There once was a maiden named Adeline Schmidt
Who went to the Doctor 'cause she couldn't shit
He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass
And up went the window and out went her ass

CHORUS

It was brown, brown, shit falling down
Brown, brown, shit all around
It was brown, brown, shit falling down
The whole world was covered with shit shit shit shit

A handsome young copper was walking his beat
He happened to be on that side of the street
He looked up so innocent he looked up so shy
And a great glob of shit hit him right in the eye

That handsome young copper, he cursed and he swore
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore
Beneath London Bridge you can still see him sit
With a sign round his neck saying blinded by shit

BALLS OF O'LEARY

The balls of O'Leary
Are wrinkled and weary
They're shapely and stately
Like the dome of St Paul

The women all muster
To see that great cluster
And, they stand and they stare
At the bloody great Pair
Of O'Leary's balls

RED RIVER VALLEY

To the Red River Valley we're going
For to get us some trains and some tracks
But if I had my say so about it
I'd still be back home in the sack

Come and sit by my side at the briefing
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
To the Red River Valley we're going
And I'm flying four in flight blue

We went for to check on the weather
And they said it was clear as could be
I lost my wingman round the field
And the rest augered in out at sea

S-2 said there's no flak where we're going
S-2 said there's no flak on the way
There's a dark overcast o'er the target
I'm beginning to doubt what they say

To THE VALLEY they say we are going
And many strange sights will we see
But the one there that held my attention
Was the SAM that they threw at me

To the valley he said he was flying
And he never saw the medal that he earned
Many jocks have flown into the valley
And a number have never returned

So I listened as he briefed on the mission
Tonight at the bar TEAK flight will sing
But we're going to the Red River Valley
And today you are flying my wing

Oh the flak is so thick in the valley
That the MIGS and the SAMS we don't need
So fly high and down sun in the Valley
And guard well the Ass of TEAK lead.

Now if things turn to shit in the valley
And the briefing I gave, you don't heed
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton
And its fish heads and rice for TEAK lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley
In the states it had always been fun
But with thunder and lightning all around us
T'was the last AAR for TEAK one

When he came to a bridge in the valley
He saw a duty that he couldn't shun
For the first to roll in on the target
Was my leader, old TEAK number one

Oh he flew through the flak toward the target
With his bombs and his rockets drew a bead
But he never pulled out of his bomb run
T'was fatal for another TEAK lead

So come sit by my side at the briefing
We will sit there and tickle the beads
For we're going to the Red River Valley
And my call sign is TEAK lead.

PISS ON THE (20th)

Let's all go down and piss on the ____
Piss on the ____, piss on the ____
Let's all go down and piss on the ____
Till they all float away
Till they all float away
Till they all float away

Let's all go down and piss on the ____
Piss on the ____, piss on the ____
Let's all go down and piss on the ____
Till they all float away

FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh the place is full of queers, Navigators, Bombadiers
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell

CHORUS

Singin' glorious, glorious
One keg of beer for the four of us
Glory be to God that there are no more of us
'Cause one of us could drink it all alone
More beer
over here
to the rear
of the squadron!

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
They are all on foreign shores Makin' mothers out
of whores
But there are no fighter pilots in the States

CHORUS

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
They are all across the Bay getting shot at everyday
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan

CHORUS

Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray
They are all in USO's wearing ribbons, fancy clothes
But there are no bomber pilots in the fray

CHORUS

Oh the bomber pilots life is but a farce
Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce
While the auto pilots's on he's reading novels in
the john
Oh the bomber pilots life is but a farce

CHORUS

Oh the bomber pilots never take a dare
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged and his woman overaged
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare

CHORUS

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
The place is full of brass sitting 'round on their
fat ass
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing

CHORUS

Oh look a fucking Sluff puke in the club
Oh look a fucking sluf puke in the club
They don't party they don't sing 704th does everything
Oh look a fucking sluff puke in the club

CHORUS

Oh its naughty naughty naughty but its nice
Oh its naughty naughty naughty but its nice
It'll wreck your reputatuon and increase the population
Oh its naughty naughty naughty but its nice

BY THE LIGHT (By the light of the silvery moon)

By the light, SSH,SSH,SSH,--- SSH,SSH,SSH
Of the flickering match SSH,SSH,SSH,--- SSH,SSH,SSH
I saw her snatch SSH,SSH,SSH --- SSH,SSH,SSH
In a watermelon patch, Oh yeah
By the light SSH,SSH,SSH--- SSH,SSH,SSH
Of the flickering match SSH,SSH,SSH --- SSH,SSH,SSH
I saw her gleam,
I heard her scream,
You are burning my snatch SSH,SSH,SSH ---SSH,SSH,SSH
With your GODDAMN Match!!

SAMMY SMALL

Oh, my name is Sammy Small fuck 'em all
Oh, my name is Sammy Small fuck 'em all
Oh, my name is Sammy Small and I've only got one ball
But it's better than none at all--so fuck 'em all

They say I've killed a man fuck 'em all
They say I've killed a man fuck 'em all
I hit him in the head with a piece of fucking lead
Now the silly fucker's dead fuck 'em all

They say I've got to swing fuck 'em all
They say I've got to swing fuck 'em all
They say I've got to swing from a fucking piece of
string
What a sillyfucking thing fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I greased the rope fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I greased the rope fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I greased the rope with a fucking piece
of soap
What a silly fucking joke fuck 'em all

The parson he will come fuck 'em all
The parson he will come fuck 'em all
The parson he will come with his tales of kingdom
come
He can shove them up his bung fuck 'em all

The hangman wears a mask fuck 'em all
The hangman wears a mask fuck 'em all
The hangman wears a mask for this silly fucking task
What a silly fucking ass fuck 'em all

The sheriff will be there too fuck 'em all
The sheriff will be there too fuck 'em all
The sheriff will be there too with his silly fucking
crew
They have fuck all else to do fuck 'em all

I saw Molly in the crowd fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd and I felt so fucking proud
That I hollered right out loud--FUCK 'EM ALL

BATTLE HYMN OF THE 85MM GUNNER.

(Battle hymn of the republic)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
force
'And Uncle Ho has yelled and cussed and screamed till
he is hoarse .
"Go out and man your guns my boys, you have a job to
do"
The THUDS are coming in

CHORUS

Gory, gory what a helluva way to die
Gory, gory what a helluva way to die
Gory, gory what a helluva way to die
I don't want to fight no more.

Now as the Thuds are getting close, beside my gun
I stand
We all should feel quite proud to stand in defense
of this land
But getting my ass blown to bits is not what I call
grand
The Thuds are coming in

There's 750's all around, the sky is full of shit
And smoke and dust and arms and legs, don't like it
one damn bit
If they miss me this last time I think that I shall
quit
The Thuds are coming in

We got hit and now are down below in Commie hell
Each day they scare us shitless in a way we know so
well
Our Commie Satan he stands up, you hear that bastard
yell
The Thuds are coming in

MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN(My Bonnie Lies Over
the Ocean

My father makes rum in the bathtub
My mother makes two kinds of gin
My sister makes love for a living
My God how the money rolls in

Chorus: Rolls in, rolls in
My God how the money rolls in, rolls in
Rolls in, rolls in
My God how the money rolls in

My brother's a poor missionary
He saves little girlies from sin
He'll save you a blonde for ten dollars
My God how the money rolls in

My father he died in his bathtub
My mother she died of her gin
My sister she married my brother
My God what a mess I am in.

WOODPECKER SONG (Dixie)

Oh, I stuck my finger in a woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Take it out, take it out, take it out
Remove it

So, I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Put it back, put it back, put it back
Replace it

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around
Revolve it

I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
In and out, in and out, in and out
Reciprocate it

I reciprocated my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out
Retract it

I retracted my finger from the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Take a smell, take a smell, take a smell
Revolting

BATTLE HYMN(Battle Hymn of the Republic)

We fly our fucking Thuds at 10,000 fucking feet
We fly our fucking Thuds through the rain and snow
and sleet
And though we think we're flying south
We're flying fucking north
And we make our fucking landfall on the firth of
fucking forth

Chorus: Glory, glory hallelujah
Glory, glory, hallelujah
Glory, glory hallelujah,
(Repeat last line of each verse)

We fly those fucking Thuds at fuck all 1,000 feet
We fly those fucking Thuds through the trees and
corn and wheat
And though we think we fly with skill
We fly with fucking luck
But we don't give a fucking damn or care a fucking
fuck

We fly those fucking Thuds at 10,000 fucking feet
We fly those fucking Thuds through the rain and snow
and sleet
And though we think we're flying up
We're flying fucking down
And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking
ground

NAPE IS GREAT (Tea for Two)

Nape is great, so hit my grids
It burns, it bakes, it sticks to kids
Nape is great, so drop it on their heads
(watch 'em burn and see their guts pop out)

When you drop a can or two
It hits their bods and sticks like glue
Nape is great and cures their acne too

FIVE FOOT TWO

Five foot two, eyes of black
But God how they can put up flak
Has anybody seen my chute?

Chained to the gun so they can't run
But oh how they can hose my Hun
Has anybody seen my chute?

Oh how we blasted off, feelin' mean, loaded for bear
Just one pass, then haul ass, please don't send me
back up there

Thirty-seven, twenty-three, great big bullets hittin'
by me
Has anybody seen my chute?

Now if you go up there, better prepare for walkin'
back home
It's quite far to the bar when you're down up by
Tchepone

But I'll fly far and I'll fly near, just as long as
I don't hear
Beeper, beeper, come up voice, you mother fuckers
Beeper, beeper, come up voice

PUBIC HAIRS(Baby face)

Pubic hairs, you've got the cutest little pubic hairs
There's nothing in this world that quite compares
With pubic hairs
Penis or vagina, nothing in this world is finer
Pubic hairs, I'm up in heaven when I'm in your
underwear
I didn't need a shove to take a mouthfull of
You're cutest pubic hairs

RING DANG DO (Jimmy Crack Corn)

When I was young and sweet sixteen
I met a girl from New Orleans
Oh, she was young and pretty too,
She had what you call a ring-dang-doo

A ring-dang-doo, pray, what is that
It's round and soft like a pussy cat
It's round and soft and split in two
That's what you call a ring-dang-doo

She took me up into her bed
She placed her tits beneath my head
And then she took my hickey-floo
And placed it in her ring-dang-doo

Now six months later she began to swell
She swelled and swelled 'til she looked like hell
She told her ma and her father too
That I took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

Her father said, "You filthy whore,
You've gone and lost your maiden's lore
Pack up your bag and your nighty too
And make a living from your ring-dang-doo

She went to the city to become a whore
She hung a sign upon her door
Five dollars now, nothing else will do
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

And the fellers came and the fellers went
And the price went down to fifteen cents
Fifteen cents and nothing else will do
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

And then one day a son of a bitch
He had the crabs and the jockey itch
He had the syph and diarrhea too
And he took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

They hung her tits in the city hall
They pickled her ass in alcohol
Now all you bums and hobos too
You've heard my tale of the ring-dang-doo

So they buried her near the city hall
And they engraved upon the wall
She's learned her lesson and you should too
Just stay away from the ring-dang-doo

LILLY WHITE KIDNEY WIPER

Oh, the lady of the mansion
Was dressing for the ball
When she spied a little peasant boy
A pissin' on the wall

CHORUS

With his lilly white kidney wiper
And balls the size of these
And half a yard of foreskin
Hanging down below his knees
Oh, hanging
Oh, hanging down
With half a yard of foreskin
Hanging down below his knees

So, she sent to him a letter
And in it she did say
I'd rather be fucked by you
Than my husband any day

So, he mounted on his charger
And through the streets did ride
With his balls slung over his shoulder
And his cock strapped to his side

Oh, he rode into the courtyard
He rode into the hall
"My God" cried the butler
"He's come to fuck us all"

Oh, he fucked the cook in the kitchen
He fucked the maid in the hall
But when he fucked the butler
'Twas the dirtiest fuck of all

Oh, he fucked them in the parlor
He fucked them on the beds
Lord save us, cried the chambermaids
We've lost our maidenheads

Then he mounted on his charger
And rode into the streets
With little drops of semen
Pitter-pattering at his feet

Oh, some say he went to heaven
Some say he went to Hell
They say he fucks the devil
And I know he fucks him well

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT(Battle Hymn of the
Republic)

By the ring around his eyeballs, you can tell a
bombadier
You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread across his
rear
You can tell a navigator by his sextants, charts
and such
And you can tell a fighter pilot but you cannot tell
him much

CHORUS

It's a lie, it's a lie
You can tell the silly bastard it's a lie,lie,lie
Its a lie, it's a lie
You can tell the silly bastard it's a silly fucking
lie

First lady forward and the second lady back
Third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack
Then you gather all together in the middle of the
room
Will the lady who just farted kindly leave the fucking
room

We fly our fucking fighters down to fory fucking feet
Through the fucking corn and through the fucking wheat
First you fly the fuckers up and then you fly the
fuckers down
And you'll be the first to know when you hit the fuck
ing ground

Rollin' on target with your burners all aglow
You put your pipper on them and you let your napalm
go

First you jink out to the left and then jink out to
the right

And you hit the deck a running and make it home
another night

THE SONGS THAT FOLLOW FALL INTO THE CATEGORY OF
"SPIRITUALS". IF YOU HAVE NOT BEEN OFFENDED BY
THE PRECEDING SONGS THOSE THAT FOLLOW WILL (OR
YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN YET)

I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife, yes I do, I love her truly
I love the hole, that she pisses through
I love her ruby red lips and her lilly white tits
And the hair around her asshole
I'd eat her shit gobble, gobble, chomp, chomp
With a rusty spoon
With a rusty spoon

I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE BY THE ROADSIDE (My Bonnie lies over the ocean)

I fucked a dead whore by the roadside
I knew right away she was dead
The skin was all gone from her tummy
The hair was all gone from her head

And as I layed down there beside her
I knew right away I had sinned
So I pressed my sweet lips to her pussy
And sucked out the wad I shot in
Sucked out, sucked out
I sucked out the wad I shot in, shot in
Sucked out, sucked out
Sucked out the wad I shot in.

KOTEX SONG(As the Caisson Go Rolling Along)

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well
When the end of the month rolls around
You can tell by her dance she has something in her pants
When the end of the month rolls around
For it's hi, hi, hee in the Kotex factory
Super, Junior, Band-aid
For where 'ere you go, the blood will always flow
When the end of the month rolls around (keep em
bleedin)
When the end of the month rolls around.

MASTURBATION (Finicule Finecula)

Last night I stayed at home and masturbated
It felt so good, I knew it would
Last night I stayed at home and masturbated
It felt so nice, I did it twice

Oh, you should see me do it on the long strokes
It felt so neat, I used my feet
Oh, you should see me do it on the short strokes
It felt so grand, I used my hand

Beat it, smash it throw it on the floor
Wrap it around the bedpost, slam it in the door
Some people seem to think it's great to fornicate
But I would rather stay at home at night and
masterbate

I WANT TO PLAY A PIANO IN A WHORE HOUSE

Oh, I want to play piano in a whore house
That is my one desire
Some people may be bankers
Or farmers out in Butte
I just want to play in a house of ill repute

Now you may think this strange, my advocacy
But cardinal copulation's here to stay
I don't want fame or riches
I want to play for those old bitches
I want to play piano in a whore house

SING US ANOTHER ONE

CHORUS

Oh, Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye

So lets have another verse
Thats worse than the other verse
And waltz me around by my WILLIE

- 1 Fighter Pilots eat PUSSY
- 2 Your mother swims out to meet troop ships
- 3 Your sister eats batshit off cave walls
- 4 Your grandmother douches with draino
- 5 Your mother licks moose cum off pine-cones
- 6 Your mother does squat thrusts on fireplugs
- 7 In China they do it for chili

There was a young man from Boston
Who traded his car for an Austin
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas
But his balls hung out and he lost 'em

There was a young man from Dundee
Who buggered an ape in a tree
The result was most horrid, all ass and no forehead
Three balls and a purple goatee

There once was a man of class
Whose balls were made of brass
When they swung together, they played stormy weather
And lightning shot out his ass

There was a young bishop from Birmingham
Who diddled nuns while confirmin' 'em
He brought them indoors, slipped down their drawers
And slipped his Episcopal worm in 'em

There was a young man from Kildair
Who buggered his girl on the stairs
The bannister broke, he doubled the stroke
And finished her off in mid air

There was a young girl from St. Paul
Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball
Her dress caught fire, and burned her entire
Front page, sports section and all

There once was a young man from Kent
Whose dick was so long that it bent
To save himself trouble, he put it in double
And instead of coming, he went

There once was a girl named Alice
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallis
They found her vagina in South Carolina
And a piece of her hymen in Dallas

There once was a professor from the Mall
Who possessed a hexahydrogenal ball
The square root of it's weight plus his pecker times
eight
Was four/fifths of five eights of fuck all

There once was a girl from France
Who boarded a train by chance
The engineer fucked her, and so'd the conductor
And the brakeman went off in his pants

There once was a girl named Gail
Between her tits was the price of her tail
And on her behind for the sake of the blind
Was the same information in Braille

There was a young lady from Wheeling
Who had a peculiar feeling
She laid on her back, and tickled her crack
And pissed all over the ceiling

There was a young girl from Peru
Who said as the Bishop with-drew
The Bicar is quicker, he's also a lickier
And considerably thicker than you

There once was a young girl named Myrtle
Who was raped on the beach by a turtle
The results of the fuck, was two eggs and a duck
Which proved that the turtle was fertile

There once was a pirate named Bates
Who was learning to Rhumba on skates
He fell on his cutlass, which rendered him nutless
And practically useless on dates

BYE BYE CHERRY (Bye Bye Blackbird)

Back your ass against the wall
Here I come, Balls and all
Bye Bye Cherry

Won't your mother be disgusted
When she finds your cherry's busted
Bye Bye Cherry

Wrap your legs around a little tighter
I can feel my load is getting lighter
Shakes your ass and wiggle your tits
Till my little pecker spits
Cherry Bye Bye

FIVE FOOT NINE

Five foot nine, he's divine, changes water into wine
Has anybody seen my lord
He's the boss, he's real cool, walks across your swimming pool
Has anybody seen my lord

Now if you run into a screamin' Jew carryin' a cross
Up a hill voice so shrill he's still screamin'
I'M THE BOSS

He's so fine, kinda hairy, his old lady was the Virgin Mary
Has anybody seen my lord
Feeds a crowd, with a loaf of bread, he can come back from the dead
Has anybody seen my lord

Now if you run into a screamin' Jew carryin' a cross
Up a hill voice so shrill he's still screamin'
I'M THE BOSS

He knows Peter, He knows Paul
His name's written on the shit house wall
Has any body seen my Lord

Virgin Mary, she's the most, she goes down for the

Holy Ghost

Has anybody seen my lord (he's kinda groovy)

Has anybody seen my lord

MARY ANNE BYRNES

Mary Anne Byrnes was the queen of all the acrobats
She could do the rticks that would give a guy the
shits

She could roll green peas round he fundamental orafice

Do a double back flip and catch 'em on her tits

She's a great big son-of-a-bitch twice as big as me

Hair around her ass like branches on a tree

She can swim, fich, fight, fuck,

Fly a plane, drive a truck

Mary Anne Byrnes is the girl for me.

AH SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE

Oh, your ass hole's like a stovepipe Nelly Darling

And the nipples on your tits are turning green

There's a million crabs a-bounding on your pussy

You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen

There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel

When you piss you piss a stream as green as grass

There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle

So why not make one, Dear, and shove it up your ass

ASS HOLES ARE CHEAP TODAY

Ass holes are cheap today

Cheaper than yesterday

Little boys cost half a crown

Standing up or lying down

Larger boys cost seven and six

Cause they take bigger pricks

Ass holes are cheap today

Ass holes are cheap today

BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

A pilot told me, before he died
And I don't think that the bastard lied
He had a wife with a cunt so wide
That she could never be satisfied
So he fashioned a prick of shining steel
Driven by a rachet and a bloody great wheel
Two brass balls all filled with cream
And the whole issue was driven by steam
Round and round went the bloody great wheel
In and out went the prick of steel
Till at last this maiden cried
"Enough enough I'm satisfied"
Here's where the story bogs down a bit--
There was no way of stopping it
She was torn from ass to tit
And the whole fucking issue was covered with shit

She lost her ass

LUPE (Down in the Valley)

Twas down in cunt valley where piss rivers flow
Where whore mongers flourish and cock suckers grow
Twas there I met Lupe the girl I adore
She's my hot fucking, cocksucking Mexican whore

She got her first piece at the young age of eight
While swinging one day on the old garden gate
The cross bar went out and the upright went in
Ever since she has lived in a welter of sin

She'll fuck you she'll suck she'll grow on your nuts
She'll wrap her legs around you and squeeze out your
guts
She'll fuck you and suck you till you think you'll
die
Oh, I'd rather eat Lupe than mom's apple pie

Oh Lupe dear Lupe lies dead in her tomb
The worms crawl out of her decomposed womb
But the smile on her face is a mute cry for more
She's my hot fucking, cock sucking Mexican whore

BANG IT INTO LULU

Some girls work in factories
Some girls work in stores
Lulu works behind a bar
With fifty other whores

CHORUS

Bang it into Lulu
Bang it good and strong
What'll we do for banging
When Lulu's dead and gone

Wish I was a finger
On Lulu's little hand
Every time she'd wipe her ass
I'd see the promised land

Lulu had a baby
She named it sonny Jim
She threw it in the pisspot
To teach him how to swim

Wish I was a pisspot
Under Lulu's bed
Every time she stooped to pee
I'd see her maiden head

Lulu had a baby
She had it on a rock
She couldn't call it Lulu
'Cause it had a cock

Last time I saw Lulu
I haven't seen her since
She was sucking off a tiger
Through a barbed wire fence

THE SCOTCH WEDDING

Oh the king was in the counting house
A-counting out his wealth
The queen was in her bedroom
A-playing with herself

CHORUS

Singing I did it last night
I did it now
The man that had you last night
Can not have you now

Oh the bride was in the bedroom
Explaining to the groom
The vagina, not the rectum
Is the entrance to the womb

Oh the parson's wife she was there
A-seated right in front
A wreath of roses round her neck
And a carrot up her cunt

Oh the parson's daughter she was there
She had them all in fits
Diving from the mantle piece
And landing on her tits

There was fucking in the hayloft
Fucking in the ricks
You could not hear the music
For the sloshing of the pricks

Oh the village blacksmith he was there
His hammer and his awls
Talking to the Dutchess
And showing off his balls

There was fucking in the hallways
Fucking on the stairs
You couldn't see the carpet for the
Cum and pubic hairs

There was fucking in the barley
Fucking in the oats
Some were fucking sheep
And some were fucking goats

Little Tommy he was there
To young to participate
He stood in a corner
And had to masterbate

The village butcher he was there
Cleaver in his hand
And every time he turned around
He circumcised a man

The village whore she was there
Doing quite a stunt
She spread her legs real far apart
And whistled through her cunt

And when the ball was over
We agreed with the rest
The food and music all was fine
But the fucking was the best

WHAT FOLLOWS IS INTERESTING READING. SOME OF IT CAN
BE PUT TO MUSIC BUT MOST CAN NOT

TATTOOED LADY(My Indiana Home)

I married me a tattooed lady
To roam around her body was a treat
And every night before retiring
I'd pull the covers back and take a peek
Around her waist was Pennsylvania, and on her hip
was Tennessee
And tattooed on her back was dear old Hackensack
From the state of New Jersey
Now on her chest was West Virginia
Through those hills I loved to roam
But when I saw the moonlight shining on the Wabash
Then I recognized my Indiana Home

REMEMBER

Remember the night when you were tight,
My Darling remember
When I was in heat and you said you might,
My Darling remember
Remember you found a tender spot,
Right in the middle of my twat
You said you'd withdraw before you shot
But you forgot to remember

LITTLE RED LIGHT (My Blue Heaven)

A turn to the right, alittle red light
will lead you to my red heaven
You'll see a smiling face on a pillow case,
a form devine
Just a little old whore who's been screwed before
a thousand times
Just molly and me, there'll never be three,
We're careful in my red heaven

MOTHER HUMPERS BALL

Oh there's going to be a ball at the Mother's
Humpers Hall
The witches and the bitches gonna be there all
Now honey don't be late, cause they're passing out
pussy'bout half past eight
I've been humping on the coast of Maine
But the best place I ever saw was when I humped my
mother-in-law
Last Saturday night at the Mother Humper's Ball

COOL

Cool as the hair 'round a Polar Bear's ass,
Cool as the frost on a champagne glass,
Cool as a nipple on a witches tit,
Cool as a bucket of Kangaroo shit.

OLD GREY BUSTLE(Old Grey Bonnet)

Put on your old grey bustle and get out and hustle
For tomorrow the rent's coming due
Put your ass in the clover, let the boys look it over
If you can't get five take two

Put on those old pink panties that used to be your
aunties
And we'll go for a tussel in the hay
Now there's no use ducking, cause you're going to get
a fucking
In the good old fashioned way

Put on that old blue ointment, the Crabs disappointment
And we'll kill those little bastards where they lay
Though it scratches and it itches it will kill those
son of a bithces
In the good old fashioned way

SALLY

Sally's in the alley sifting cinders
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man
Wind from her bloomers broke sixteen windows
Cheeks of her ass wnt BAM BAM BAM

WING OPS AND FLYING SAFETY(Dear Hearts and Gentle people)

I love old Wing Ops and Flying Safety
They're nothing but hot air
But if you bust one and hit the barrier
You know damn well that they will be there

I read my dash one from dawn till sunset
But it don't go so well
For when the board meets and I go up there
I know they're going to give me Hell

I feel so helpless, each time I try to fly
For I know they'll watch each move I make
And so it's Wing Ops and Flying Safety
Watching every rule I break

WHIFFENPOOF SONG

To the tables down at Maury's
To the place where Louie dwells,
To the dear old Temple Bar we loved so well,
Sit the Whiffenpoof assembled,
With their glasses held on high,
And the magic of their singing casts a spell,
Yes, the magic of their singing,
Of the songs we loved so well,
"Shall I wasting" and Mavouree and the rest,
WE will serenade our ladies till life and death shall
pass,
And we'll all be forgotten with the rest

We are poor little lambs, who have lost our way
BAA, BAA, BAA.
We are poor black sheep who have lost our way,
BAA, BAA, BAA
Gentleman songsters off on a spree,
Doomed from here to eternity,
God have mercy on such as we,
BAA, BAA, BAA

SIX POUNDS OF BOOBIES

Six pounds of boobies in a loose brassiere,
An old used condom and a glass of beer,
A twat that twitches like a mooses ear,
These are the things I love.

A dirty whore strolling down the street
A bloody kotex in the rumble seat,
I love my poontang but I beat my meat
These are the things I love

THREE WHORES FROM CANADA JUNCTION

Three old whores from Canada Junction
Were drinking cherry wine
Says one of them to the other two,
"Yours is smaller than mine."

CHORUS

So take up the sheets me hearties
Water the decks with brine,
Bend to the oars, you lousy whores,
None is bigger than mine

"You're a liar," says the second old whore
"Mine's as big as the sea,
The battle ships sail in and out
And never a bother to me."

"Your're a liar," says the third old whore,
"Mines's as big as the moon,
The battle ships sail in
ON the first of the year,
They never come out till June."

"You're a liar," says the first again,
"Mine's as big as the air,
The battle ships sail in and out,
They never tickle a hair."

"Your're a liar," says the second again,
"Mine is bigger than all,
For many the ships that sail right in,
And they never come out at all,"

THE FALCON CODE

99. What the Colonel means is...
100 Congratulations! You fucked up
101 You've got to be shitting me
102 Get off my fucking back
103 Beats the shit out of me
104 What the fuck, over?
105 It's so fucking bad I can't believe it
106 I hate this fucking place
107 This place really sucks
108 Fuck you very much
109 Beautiful, just fucking beautiful
110 That goddamned o'club
111 Here comes another Lt or fucking Lt Col
112 Let me talk to that son of a bitch
113 Big fucking deal
114 Get your shit together
115 You bet your sweet ass
116 Short, fuck it
117 That's a fucking no no
118 A heck of a good deal
119 Shit hot
120 BE nice
121 That pussy really sweet
122 And then the shit hit the fan
123 You obviously have me confused with someone who
gives a shit
124 I hate this fucking place so much I could shit
125 G. D, shit, fuck
126 Right on
127 I've got an old rusty load
128 I could just shit
129 Roger that
130 I can't help you--I wasn't here then
131 Rule one in effect tonight
132 Oh yeah?
133 Prove it
134 Those shitheads fucked up again
135 Just blew it
136 Will be right back, you lucky bastard
137 The fucking maid woke me up
138 The fucking maid didn't wake me up
139 Your shit is weak
140 You horny fucker

141 Fuck the fucking fuckers
142 Fuck you! A strong letter follows
143 There's no damned mail again today
144 Hope to shit in your mess kit
145 I'm going to blow your shit away
146 Stud horse piss with the foam farted off
147 Fuck 7th AF, fuck PACAF, fuck USAF, fuck me
148 Those fucking operators
149 Everybody needs a fucking hobby
150 Happiness is a warm pussy
151 You eat shit, chase rabbits, and bark at the
moon
152 Balls of fire
153 Get your ass in gear
154 Bring scrunchin' upon his body
155 "Flap" fuck it and press
156 And send a soft copy to Mac
157 Can't use it in my business
158 Your shit is weak
159 "Farad" fuck a red ass duck
160 Get laid
161 Snake shit
162 Don't rock the sampan
163 Everything I touch turns to shit
164 You just stepped on your dick
165 Fuck it. Just fuck it
166 All over my body-dy
167 Hang it in your fucking ear
168 I love you so fucking much I could shit
169 I love the fucking Air Force and the Air Force
loves fucking me
170 Shit house mouse
171 Show us your tits

ODE TO MARY ANNE BYRNES

Mary Anne Byrnes you filthy bitch
With hands and feet as black as pitch
Great purple sores fester on your toes
And long green strands of snot dangle from your nose
And before I'd touch one festering thigh
Or kiss one withered tit
I'd drink nine quarts of 'afterbirth
And bathe in vulture shit

DRAFT DODGER RAG

Well I'm just a typical American boy from a typical
American town,
I believe in God and Senator Dodd and keepin' old
Castro down
But when it came my time to serve, I knew better red
than dead
So when I got down to my local draft board, buddy this
is what I said

CHORUS

Well Sarge I'm only eighteen, got a ruptured spleen
and I always carry a purse
I got eyes like a bat, my feet are flat, and my
asthma's gettin' worse
Consider my career, my sweetheart dear, my poor old
invalid aunt
Besides I ain't no fool I'm a going to school, and
I'm working in a defense plant

I got a wracked up back and a dislocated disk, I'm
allergic to flowers and bugs
And when a bomb shell hits I get epileptic fits, I'm
addicted to a thousand drugs
I got the weekness woes, I can't touch my toes,
I can hardly reach my knees
And if the enemy ever gets close to me I'll prob'ly
start to sneeze

Now I hate Chou En Lai and I hope he dies, but I
think you've gotta see
If someone's gotta go over there that someone sure
ain't me
So I wish you well Sarge, give 'em hell and kill me
a thousand or so
And if you ever find a war without blood and gore,
well I'll be the first to go

HOLIDAY BALLADS.....

DASHING THROUGH THE SKY

Dashing through the sky,
In a Foxtrot one-oh-five,
Through the flak we fly,
Trying to stay alive.
The SAMs destroy our calm,
The Migs come up to play,
What fun is it to strafe and bomb
The T.R.V. today?

CHORUS: CBU's, mark 82's, 750's too
Daddy Vulcan strikes again,
Our Christmas gift to you

Heads up Ho Chi Minh,
The Fives are on their way
Your luck it has give in
There's going to be hell to pay
Today it is our turn
To make you gawk and stare
What fun it is to watch things burn
And blow up everywhere

JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world, the bombs will come
Let's all go join the fun
The bridges, dams and power plants
The schools, the kids, and even ants
Will know the awesome sound
Of bombs hitting the ground
They'll shiver, they'll quiver
Gee, war is fun

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the first day of Christmas,
My true love gave to me
A hand job in a fur tree

2nd day Two brass balls
3rd day Three French ticklers
4th day Four cocksuckers
5th day Five mother fuckers
6th day Six sacks of shit
7th day Seven scrotums swinging
8th day Eight assholes aching
9th day Nine nypho's snibbling
10th day Ten tits a tingling
11th day Eleven lesbians licking
12th day Twelve twats a twitching

JINGLE BELLS

Flying thru the sky, in a Foxtrot one-oh-five
Flying thru the flak, never looking back
Thru the hills we dodge, for SAMs are called away
Oh what fun it is to bomb and strafe the DRV today

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way
Oh what fun it is to bomb the DRV today

CBU's mark 82's, 750s too,
Daddy vulcan strikes again
Our Christmas gift to you

LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Oh little town of Ho Chi Mihn
How safe you thind you lie
Beneath your ring of SA-2's
You think the Fives won't fly
Yet thru the cloud deck raineth
A deadly trail of bombs
Too late for fear, the end is near
How about that One-Oh+Five

SKINNY JONES

Hark, the herald angels sing
Skinny Jones has lost his thing,
No temptation, no desire,
Sings soprano in the choir.
Skinny's sex-appeal has faded
Since they had him cas-ter-ated,
Skinny tells the time by watch,
Since he was streamlined in the crotch

STAY WITH GOD (Dashing thru the Snow)

The game was played on Sunday in Heaven's own back
yard
With Jesus playing Quarterback and Moses playing guard
The angels in the bleachers, My God how they did yell
When Jesus made a touchdown against the boys from hell

CHORUS (OH, THEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS)

Stay with God, Oh Lordy, Stay with God Oh Lordy
Jesus on the one yard line, Moses blocking very fine
Stay with God Oh Lordy, Stay with God Oh Lordy
Rock 'em, Sock 'em, Jesus knock 'em Stay with God!

TWELVE DAY OFFENSIVE

On the first day of the offensive my true love gave to
me

A gomer pissing on a tree
Two motor cycles
Three 37's
Four bunkers blowing
Five KBA
Six secondaries
Seven SA-7's
Eight 85's
Nine nitnoy bridges
Ten tanks a-burning
Eleven crispy critters
Twelve SAMs a-launching

UNCLE JOHN & AUNTIE MABLE(Hark the Herald Angels
Sing)

Uncle John and Auntie Mable, fainted at the break-
fast table

This should be sufficient warning, never do it in
the morning

Ovalteen has set them right, now they do it every
night

Uncle John is hoping soon, to do it in the afternoon
A---men

ODE TO A GREAT FUCKIN"SAR EFFORT
(With apologies to "The Night Before Xmas")

One fine day, just last summer
(Twas prior to a raid)
The jocks were hung over
From screwing the maid

So with canopies open
And heads hung in grief
Their sorrows were many
Their crew rest too brief

The mission commander
By some marvelous feat
Got them all to the Anchor--
Cycled through then did meet

With those beautiful Thuds
Spread in "pod"--Quite a force
The Phantoms moved in
Like the old Trojan horse

The MIGS had been scrambled
Were headed out east
But the gunners are hosing
Eight-fives at our beast

Why the hell should they hate me
I cried in dismay
I'm egressing, you bastards
So play it my way

But my cry went unheeded
As our bird took a hit
And I knew there and then
Things had just turned to shit

Tho' my chances were nil
There was fuck else to do
But head for the Black
With our whole fuckin' crew

So in anger, and pissed
Did we drop the whole load
On that cock-suckin' gunner's
Kids, wife and abode

There was no goddamn grief
As I cried out with glee
Eat your heart out, you bitch
For you'll never get me

So with eighty percent
(that was all we could get)
We headed for North Point
With hopes of a TET

But 'twas mostly in vain
As we slung past the Red
I knew that my ass
Was fuckin near dead

Cause Yen Bay came alive
Like the Fourth of July
The flak was so thick
That I wanted to cry

As my two, three, and four
Broke down, left, then right
Leaving us solo
In the dwindling light

Well ol' buddy, my number one
GIB says to me
It looks like there's just
Gonna be me and thee

And with your goddamn luck
We should punch out at ten
So the rest of the fall
We can take with a grin

For I know just goddamn well
As I sit here in fright
That both fuckin' chutes
Were packed wrong last night

And I want you to know
He hastened to add
That in case we don't make it
Please don't get mad

The credit for this publication belongs entirely to
the Honorable Reverend Billy Graham, without whom
the inspiration required to produce such a work of
art would have been entirely unavailable.

THE FAC

As seen by 9th Air Force: A drunken, brawling, jeep stealing, woman-corrupting liar with a star sapphire ring, Rolex watch, and a pearl handled .38

As seen by himself: A tall, handsome, highly trained professional killer, gentleman, idol of women, with a star sapphire ring, wearing a pearl handled .38, who is always on time due to the reliability of his Rolex watch

As seen by his wife: A stinking member of the family who staggers in about every year or so with a B-4 bag full of dirty underwear and fornication on his mind

As seen by his commander: A fine specimen of a drunken, brawling, jeep-stealing, women-corrupting liar with a star sapphire ring, Rolex watch and a pearl handled .38.

As seen by the Department of the Air Force: An over-paid, over-ranked tax burden who is indispensable because he has volunteered to go anywhere and do anything as long as he can booze it up, brawl, steal jeeps, corrupt women, lie, wear a star sapphire ring, a Rolex watch, and carry a pearl handled .38

Small airplanes...slow and unprotected...powered less by engines than the fighting spirit of their pilots. They found the enemy in shadowed jungle green, on roads and trails, in caves. They took the war to him and taught him that defeat can come with smoke as well as napalm, bombs and guns. Remembered patterns in bamboo and leaves...muddy tracks along a stream... a thread of smoke from a cooking fire...some small change from yesterday that marked the subtle enemy who thought himself unseen.

They fought where ground fire was heard as well as seen..their only armor was their skill, and pride in battles joined and won despite the odds. A scarf... a cartridge belt...a call sign respected in the air and on the ground. From lonely mountain runways, trea-

cherous with shifting winds, muddy jungle strips in monsoon rains...Ahn Khe...Lima 98...Tiger Town...Dak To...The names mean less with passing time, but like a ghostly sound of wings that is heard in twilight on an empty ramp, the memory of their bravery remains

A Fighter Jock is magic, a master imposter, Houdini with the top of his blouse unbuttoned. Sometimes he's old, sometimes young. Immature yet sage. He is instant fear and lasting bravery. The original metamorphosis. He hovers between play and business and can make your date vanish right before your eyes. He is present, past and future rolled into one. But most of all he's got wings with a throttle in his left hand and the stick in his right-shackled to a million dollar blow torch and always ready to get the maximum out of every minute of every hour of every day

FALCON CODE 108